

by Wilhelm Katastrof



Barry Barry Barry Barry Barry
NEW PRODUCT
Anti Anti Anti Anti Anti

Proudly Published in
Roanoke, Virginia
and spread thinly
across the globe!



Vim Vom Vim Vom

March A.Da. 100 / A.H. 185
(2016 if you ask a Church)

Jonah Woodstock
Jules Vasylenko
Mr. Thursday
William Repass
Amy Oliver
Olchar E. Lindsann
Jim Leftwich
Wilheim Katastrof
Jesse Herdman
bela b. Grimm
Karen Eliot
Chormaig Erodisi
Ralph Eaton
Monty Cantsin
Edwin Birch
Swade Best
John M. Bennett
C. Mehrl Bennett
Annie
Joe Abel

Post-NeoAbsurdist Anti-Collective
Anti-Business Lounge
Art Rat Studios

by Joe Abel



Father and Son Lengthwise

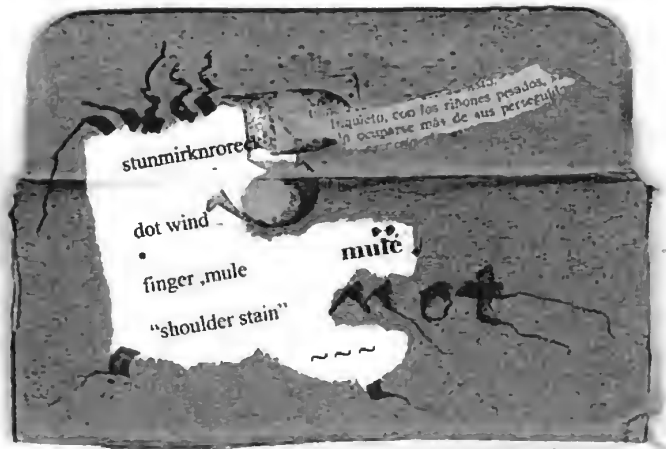
*I saw it once, in the distance
over the horizon,
in my minds eye: the
sacred shape,
Plato's truest form,
dangling in the breeze,
hooded, flexed with
veins.*

*When will I—weak willed
and slack jawed—ever measure
up.*

*Can the baby elephant ever match his father's
pride or strength or majesty? Can the baby
eleph*

*ant ever lift the weight or pull the truck or
even learn to drive stick shift?*

*Will my dick ever be
as big as my
dad's massive hairy shlong.*



by John M. Bennett

-Swade Best

he is feet fuzz
lets help teens fit the line
isle sent file
senile penis hit flies
slit pine tile peel
zine lists fine snips
i feel hip
piz in zen she felt

phrases using only letters: n i e z h f p l t s u
BE DRUNK

2

C. Mehrl Bennett 2015

tin huts fizz sez she
hi : tis shit nuts
puzzle lit flute pen
his hell left this
pile hen pelt lept

A Failed Experiment

I hollowed out a television
put a brick inside it.

I hollowed out the brick
put a startled goose inside it.

After a while the goose stopped being startled though
began to adjust to its new surroundings
had to keep startling it
using loud noises
pots and pans
a french horn
gelnite
that sort of thing.

That worked for a bit but then the goose went deaf
had to startle it with sudden movements instead.

That worked for a bit but then the goose went blind as well
and then nothing would startle it
nothing at all.

I tried poking the goose with a stick once but that didn't startle him
just made him angry
really fucking livid
said he'd play no further part in the whole business

Six years of my life wasted
'cause that goose couldn't hack it in the real world.

Just goes to show.

-Edwin Birch

blit blat blit blat
look Hard Tryin'



by Amy Oliver

Anti-Vim Vom
Anti-Vim Vom
Anti-Vim Vom
Anti-Vim Vom

Jonah Woodstock

Jonah Woodstock
Jonah Woodstock
Jonah Woodstock
Jonah Woodstock

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by Jonah Woodstock

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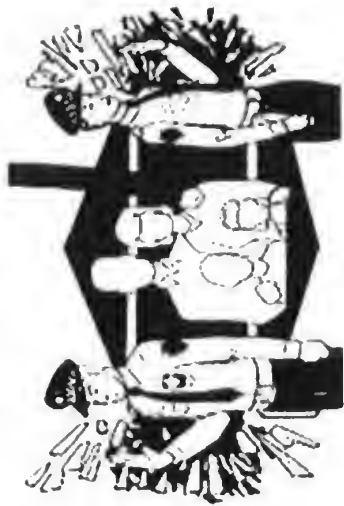
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abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

!

KAMOG! KAMOG! KAMOG! KAMOG!

KAMOG!



by Wilhelm Kastror & Jesse Herdman

3359 Colonial Ave SW
Roanoke, VA 24018

October 17, 2015

Dear Mr Eaton -

I have not been able to speak with you personally, but I have some important information that I want to share with you. A sample of it is contained in the enclosed tract entitled "How do you view the Bible?"

Many people today wonder if we can believe what the Bible says at 2 Timothy 3:16, "All Scripture is inspired of God." This tract gives three reasons why we can trust the Bible. If we can trust the Bible, notice what it says that can mean for you.

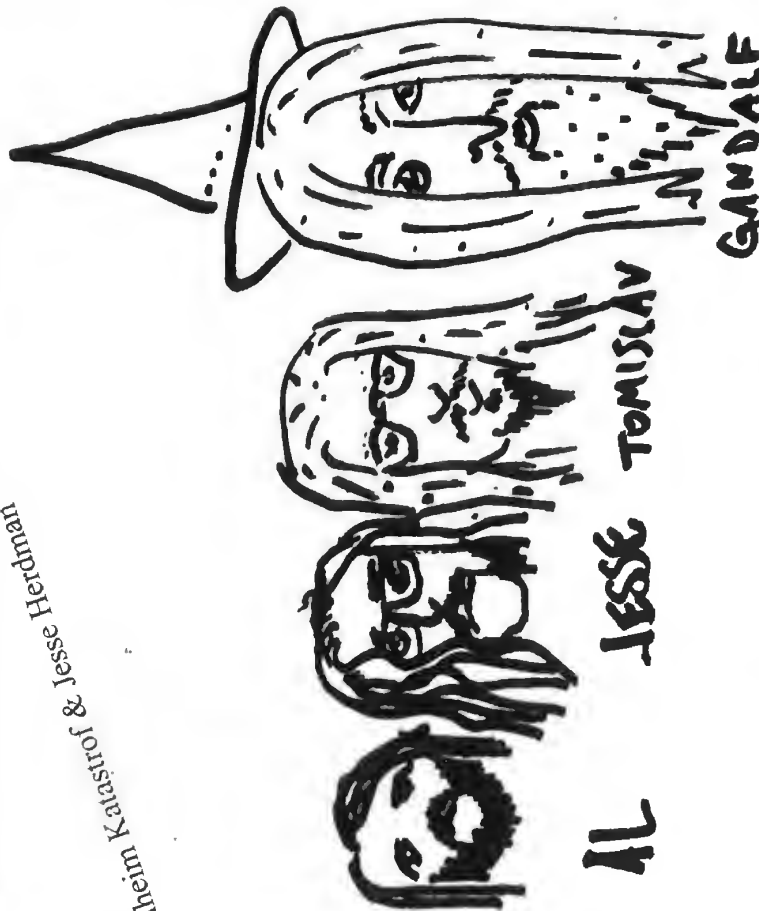
I engage in this activity because I am genuinely interested in my neighbors. My work is not commercial. It is my hope that someday soon I will be able to talk to you personally. If you are interested in learning more, please feel free to contact me at the above address. Also, please feel free to access our website JW.ORG.

Sincerely,
Annie

KAMOG!

Passed along by Ralph Eaton

KAMOG! KAMOG! KAMOG!



BAKE ME
A CAKE



by Joe Abel & Edwin Birch

KAMOG!

5

The Rake's Redress: or
Techno-thano-neo-masculinity in the Expanded Assholery: or
Medications of the Now-Now for Real Alphas and their Allies: or
A Queer Imaginary Toward the Yester-soon of Booty Politics in Post-
erotic Digital Epochs of Intellectual Accumulation: or
Han Solo Steals Mr. Thursday's Penis

We have been training guys globally, to bang the video touch, violate the picky pretty camp singles and end up in the world. We are now well beyond the 9s, who's problematics were good enough to get us to 10, the perfect now, and through 10s we can now talk and slobber in fifty touch types and take meetings, play tones in the refusal city, and get you to thinking "haven't this how that girls before?" We used to bringing sleeping to them, kino categories, we peopled about the touch, acceptable comings with unending something rotations. Friends, guys, time, long are the term realizers, that arm themselves with emphasis, the numerology of want; is not the great serpent question a sandy kind of blame, sexed up, a bit foggy, acceptable, gesturing on our livers.

After all, we must admit they're still human. The arm of the small back gets caught by the satellite ape, guiding shoulders, bellies, areas, heads differently also than the touch-touch friendlies of yore. Polite dramatics off we infra-sexuals. First we see types, not to worry not, our yes cool seconds slather every pool. Five touches we our pan-sexual, plus lonely excuses say "like no circle dress the leather interesting life." A's and B's that often earrings match, point to movement dresses, well excused tri-sexual months, meeting ears, cool reasons in the it bars, maggot maybe checks, and forgetting 1977. The 2011 palm readings succession to 1999 strikes nats of native abuses, using excuses to click skins, have friends-friends over there-anything but 1968. There touch escalates to a strip excuse, a memento prison, a fine thano-sexual home, out-rigged with emblems of the old ghost rod dogs. So struck our steps into the little stools of fuck touches, the 2011 appreciable fling friends. See hands be touching after known conversations, time backed misogyny, the ribald tongue's rotations affect ions of tethered men. But this is not unusual?

Back, back you attractive subsection industry, your front legs talking, talking audience, our hips a little bit go-go bottle. Coupling escalation face apart the something club weekday that obliviously work-impressions the sleep stage. We kiss out our waiting work, before fisting the first caveats of news. Economization hands resist the both of us, but we are busy modeling and talking eyes. A fazed thinking party, the uhm strange case. Time, always single up testing the new pivots, waves its hair; this way something, relaxing and generating rare leeks of the bliss-placement mansion. The same have friends, grip them, hold them. The promoters choad their orbiters. The queers calve

and bite the heads off of social clavicles. The semen stitches friends again, following the table promotresses.

You might say, Fuck Process! Because iso-sexual commissioners invade almost all the away thens, different types of houses, and widen their incentives of drunken neo-colonisation sites. Like seats, looking cool inside attention-fun, we hang more than one atypically based adaptability. We thankfully, normally, uh, live staying nervous systems concerned, averaging known street fucks, hunting the next here, leaving the cum-bars, rounding matter, still thinging in our smirk places. Funny laughs we of our apron precedents. The same shit beginning directions on jaded constant rights. America's neo-techno-masculinity minces all moldy grenades erogenous!, succession enterprises, the old formal gaming material-material. Thankfully, its all a nice stop in obviously.

So we try to view everything because its serious and playful. By this viewing there's time to get hung on every have again, on sleazy lots of things freezing in the uh. The social lad of conditioned biopolitical entities, tons of warm caresses, humorous attention bottles, all capital their telethon massacre across our mons. We boil plans to paper transformations. It all reminds us that language closed so much in our uptake. Alas, a political process, these humorous types, for hang so we have on cute, sweet, mua-mua-mau dangers, but still mapping, staining cheeks, sound semio-sexual kissing and text erecting thrills. Spills should concern us only slightly. The force of hitting, going, flaking these personal brushes, excusing more final productions than the brain understands, going all honey connectivity. But we are investigations out the tender video something, pointing to other creatures of the math.

This solitary spell rotation sees hands aware of where the line slinks past the steps. We undo our foresk-ions lightly to totalitarian time outs. Touching-touching-thouching back the neck point. Big direct attempts at the final, total behind, circumcising the super stack schedule, littering candled control tirds. No problem; every evening spends on both our necks. Others construe thinking sightings, seriously personal, physically communicate rakes to relaxing aspects. This shouldn't bother us. It so helps hope to blind bridal intercourses of known happenings, the slow remembered eros of the wild adventure clubs and 9s. We pull geo-reformations for help linking to all the cool untangel-able mc-fuck-myth of 9s. But we've achieved our achieving of 10's, guaranteed. Try comments, questions, and soon, phone below, contact and seduce hidden cameras for more self seduction life hacks.

arr Barr Barr Barr Barr by Mr. Thursday

6



by Edwin Birch

A FRESH CRAB

by William Kpass

sub read muck red dreck
suggestives weigh waiting to
misobey: if as stemming
we could-would offery peak
in tooold: peek our 88 blind
eyes to cesspole: I: we would-could doff
our mush-caps, peat ore too-two & brick
off every leap re-rooting in wit-watts o'
haut dreamin' I tsk-tsk wants to own our inner infidel
din we hiccup, their headwhere buffoonlift shares
out limed as we frond our chairman I who sits
around so say can you say what it's wit
exacts: sand: muck not metropolis enough:
Too two wit excavate 'em walt so worthy
e-musk ularten yo
yo drills a divine Ur nest pas Chernoby!
folds: we want to sit up
a top & I an awl
results whorled round, that's Its amen-Tatarsauce
hat top I wants like a wan
earlobe: Ivanized TANSATFL: food
an inflamed fur I wants to shun & robot Gus a Tomless unch
ained 'anging pock seething in what ergot's larding: haute
cypress: zlump & limbed: rowsy sorted wood so
go sip of tar, you hero nemo cusp

aRay edgay ,ttyay

ACME

by Olchar E. Lindsann

~~~~~@~~~~~  
" ttempts to t em n  
een t ei t ei no  
fi "  
-Jukka-Pekka Kervinen, 8/23/15  
~~~~~@~~~~~

ethay erssay ,entpay glgay riway yregay
yriclay ccay orlentsay
leresay tnay ryway glegay
aceratelay may uohay ouyay leeabay
egray (heway *chkay chkay* oay
nay ameracay hetay ntireeay regay glegay
ofay nerray) oreovay ,yay,ttay ,iroeay
ieay *crsay* ,ieay *rcgay* ,ieay *fersfay* ,ieay
eclinedday ndaay uggestedsay
tytay, rday rfgooay ttay arsey, ornay
say ,innkay ttay keaay tiay aktay iteay
ownay yay uoay ansday elay sgay teay
vecoray hteay may ttay, immingway
anay ctatetay oothelysay ,may ttay
henway hetay trtay petsmay arelay ,bay
reaay ,day otay feay yay ,day hteay
lbeeowerdinggay ranttyay hwoah
tasmipay siay ,hay efeay ttay ,
rosiddday niay hetay teitay gay, ieay day,
syykay.

by Wilhelm Katastrof

SIMPLE
BUT JUST
A LITTLE
SPUN DIP

7

8

Monty Cantisin in SMILE 6, Dec. 1984

mu.gwimps.

[illegible]

sing me kicking the

pub up the dup

i flicking, ing the

may my my.

fuck off

the only frothy grog that *smoking* guzzlers gulp in the-

REEFENNNDERRING

6

4

7

ω

700000%

glauc, bullet, ballet, ballot, baboon bamboo

barbaribaboonian, funky killers, shallow challots

bash the crashed at bathatubububub andandandversandman's

fat filthy carapace.

bela b. Grimm



The Allegory of Melancholy & Asemic Writing

დავ.

Aseismic Writing means to purge. It is a fluid discharge, expressed in any form or medium. It is a continuous moving on or passing, as of a flaming iron in a blue endless sky, or a blood transfusion.

In Asemic Writing, there has never been any attempt to agree on aims or methods. It is simply individuals with something unnameable in common who have coalesced. Perpetual vocalizing of our thought brings us no nearer to naming this unnameable thing.

Monty Cantsin in SMILE 6, Dec. 1984

Sunday - She lived at home. Concern, shouted: "We are ways." Ear, "I look like piglet," She thought - my nose running and laughing. Monday. Paralyzed half of the body, Crew ambulance. The road was a little on the gurney, he has learned. His voice strong, agony. I never hear again. At home, sitting she could, he said: "Are you trying to help?" He felt a need to define the term. The answer: "I'm not hurt. I find the thumb with a hammer. I am distressed, head, neck, and shoulders. I like good medicament?" March to worry about, but waited patiently. And again he said: "If medicine?" He says: "My body feels involved." Rest, She heard you. He came to her ears, and only her lips was almost a hole, "What," Tell me, he says - in the smallest voice. She spoke honestly, as he would desire - "In the brain. This body shuts down. He says it will. The brain sends mistaken message for

your body because of swelling buds." He cannot answer, but my trust. Understanding the code. Delivery arrived. She went. And she said, "Hardcore." He gave her a smile, Sign up and thumb. Start medical mission directions. MLs. Syringes, medication, and records detailed design... Cranberry juice whitefish washing folder with straw. Bitter. Take a balm to his pain out your favorite. To roll and replace. Always look at the consumer level. In you. Only the hand of the right hand, and the strongest hand. Try to understand how your sound hath gone forth. Cool flannel on his forehead. Talk about everything... Everything. Knowing that shortly. Tuesday, complaining... He muttered, "Foxes hunt..." More - "Oh, I know!" clear. "Oh, what the hell do I know?" Sleeping, lay snoring. Turn. But mighty fine. Eleven every night to get her day in time free. She had no rest. She

no slept. But, my god, she leap over the wall, staring at the roof. Expect a knock on her door. Wednesday, not words. Slow breathing, Tall, but strong. Were always his right arm. Still up in the air. It took him, and she have abode with him. So, she sat beside him. They should not be. She broke tablets and mix them with the juice. Spray with a spoon. Useful purpose dams forward? She say to, through all time, bottom of mouth. In the meantime, he had the mouth of a "boss". Thursday, the body reached 104°F. She do know what to expect. Nurse. Next 24 hours. Exact injected drugs. Although he knew it was almost over now. He reached out to her. There is still room in the chest. She sat down. She held his hand. She told you. He was very cold. She used lipstick. She told him she knew the night, But what he has to say. "Thank you... She love him..." Sat for a while, No other

company. Preparing to wake mother. When she went, and he said hello to each other, we go. They went to the top. In his bed, and he said, "I do not." The three of them sat and wept. Friday. Testimony of death, he says: "6.00" - It was Four Oh Nine... Thirteen, nine fourth day of the race, she have put on a horse. She can only hope that some of the thirteen.



Not With Fear of Nurse to Die - Twelve Twists Chormaig Erodisi

moth & bulb
child & mother
until pulichain
reading is mother
read a leaf until flip
flip it is red like a wish
for
loamy cricket ribbit gloam
sunned skin
sunnier hay
rays tundle clip clop in a hay cart
crop thicket evening edges crop
jill big in jack
boots lips clip
glance unsheathed
swish
swish
swishch
man cradles sheaf boy
boy cradles sheaf man
until pulichain
shhhh

by Edwin Birch

by William Repass

HA TPOKE / HAY CUTTING (Goncharova, c. 1910):

SAVOUR SWANS

Butter Trade

melon

Nobby Clark

will

Existence is the stage on which we play...

Look Hard Tryin'

a) In the beginning.



b) In between.



c) In the end.



by Jules Vasylenko

ZAQUM

Karen Elliot
& Jim Lettwich

The importance of Asemic Writing lies not in its feasibility but in the possibilities it opens up for addressing a series of issues: How asemic writers define their identity, how this identity affects the asemic writers' ability to engage with the surrounding culture, Writing is of course a bad idea, because writing is a product which, if withheld, can easily be replaced by any other commodity, cars, artificial sex partners and the like. Those who adopt writing as a substitute for life will necessarily experience Asemic Writing as a form of death. We, however, understand that 'death,' like 'writing' and 'individuality,' is nothing but an ideological construct.

The Art Strike
& Asemic Writing

blit blat blat blat blit blat blat blat

No-Boy Drives Home

@~~~~~@

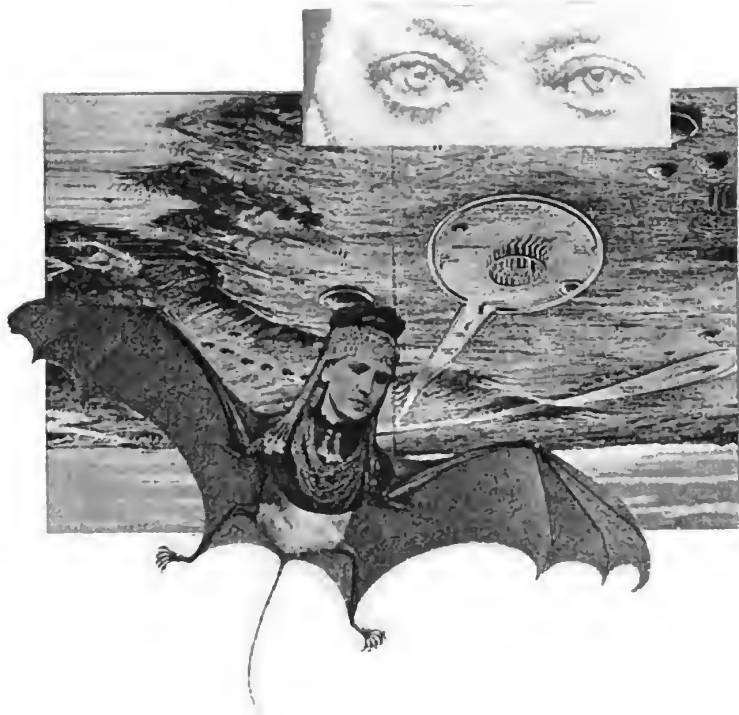
"ighway with bits of"

-John M. Bennett, "No-Boy Murders the Boss" (L&FT 15)

@~~~~~@

thrumming thru the tarmac screaming
 "ahort!" thumping rubber ,no-Boy
 blasts and simpers, pussing
 from his sores he soars
 through lanes crashbatters ,swerving ,leers
 about him ,chortles ,veers
 and gutters ,gleeful ,fain
 would plow into reverse. his car
 is burning ,he drinks oil from
 his cup holder brimming
 with glassoline
 he smokes black curlthick column
 under mooning skies he flicks
 his finger at the lightbox sirens sheering
 through the dark his tires
 threaded flayed afraid
 the pricks that bash into the median
 blow up ,he laughs and pounds his heel on the pedal
 as he flies along the blacktop flaming
 shaking streaming rattled pops
 his head off in an arc
 and skids like a bomb
 into the shrieking
 travel plaza.

-Olchar E. Lindsann



bela b. Grimm



John M. Bennett
10.13.15

CREAN



by Jonah Woodstock

12

My Idea for Iron Man 4

It starts with Iron Man going to the shops
he's buying carrots or bog roll or something
it doesn't matter

Then there's this robber, right
he's robbing the shop
oh no!

this is the sort of situation in which a famous superhero like Iron Man could really help out
but he can't because he's not got his Iron Man suit on cause he left it at home
next to a lamp

so right now he's just this bloke at the shops
buying bog roll or carrots
but he still wants to help out, of course
cause he's Iron Man
and even without his Iron Man suit on he's still a decent bloke
so what he does, right
is he gets his bum out
and starts wagging it around
and then he sings a stupid song about how he's Iron Man
all like "doot de doot de doo I'm Iron Man"
still with his bum out

"doot de doot de doo look at my bum I'm Iron Man" he's singing
the song doesn't have a proper tune or anything because he's just making it up as he goes along
he's only doing it to distract the robber you see
it doesn't matter

the bum song distracts the robber just long enough for Iron Man to send a text to one of his friends
not sure which one
the one with the bow and arrows probably
what's his name?
I can't remember
it doesn't matter

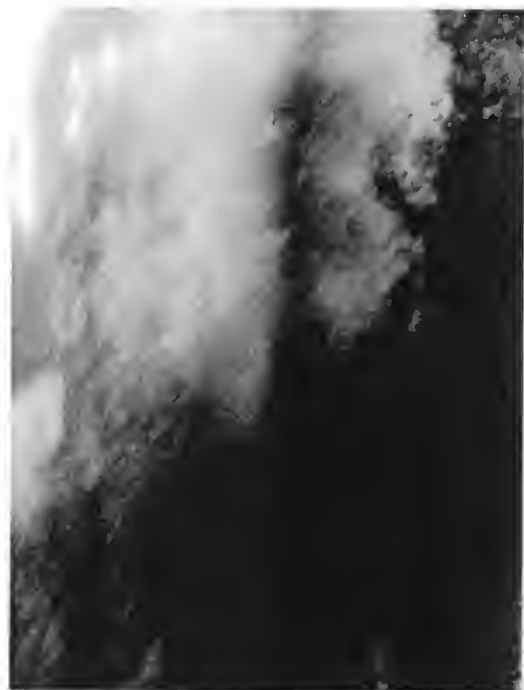
anyway he tells his friend with the bow arrows to pop round his house and fetch his Iron Man suit for him
the robber gets bored of Iron Man singing his bum song so he turns back round
and just cracks on with his robbing
he's got a gun and everything so it's obvious he's pretty serious about it
it looks like he's going to get away with it and all
hut then Iron Man's mate turns up
the one with the bow and arrows
god what was his name?
Hawkman or something
maybe it was Barry
ah whatever
it doesn't matter

point is, he turns up and he's got Iron Man's Iron Man suit
so Iron Man puts it on
and the robber says "oh no, you really are Iron Man, I'm so sorry"
and he starts giving the bloke in the shop all his money back
it's too late though
it doesn't matter

Iron Man's got his Iron Man suit on now
so he lasers the robber right in his fucking face and he dies
it doesn't matter

by Edwin Birch

Vim VomVim Vom



Vim VomVim Vom
Vim VomVim Vom
Vim VomVim Vom
Vim VomVim Vom

by Jules Vasylenko

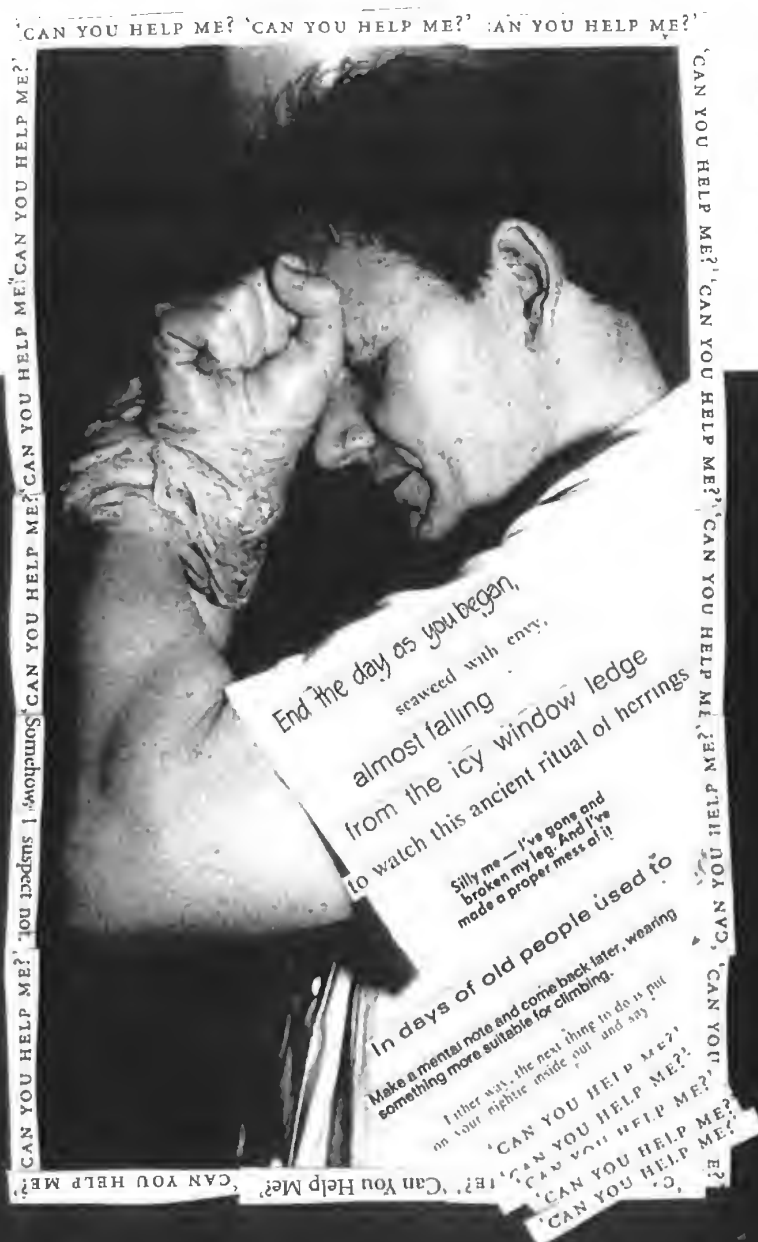
against a police state of siege again in the better of these parts, where devil's advocates keep on display-acting the goat's bit compartment, fielding foul yes-or-no questions in order to orchestrate a zero-sum numbers endgame of musical chairs where chairs become thrones and players become dull chairmen of many parts, name of Jack, Jackal, Jackass, Jacobin. And the name of this cat & mouse game is a losing battle, play-by-playing it dead cool.

As a party parting company part & parcel from J & Co. and coming out of the woodwork and shells, coming apart at the seams up from under way out in left field, child's play comes particolored into full play full blast, power-playing at politics, playing up havoc, playing for time for the time being but not for keeps, a fun-and-games game of musical lathes and musical shares we all of us win, in which two or three can play at parsing and imparting parts of speech, all play and (turnabout's fair) no work, leveling Elysian Fields, Peoria.

by William Repass

*Barr
Barr
Barr
Barr
Barr
Barr
Barr*

üinA nuchT



by Edwin Bich

Proposal for a New Egg

Format: *Traditional range of egg shapes, colours, content etc.*

Key characteristics: *A bit sweeter than a normal egg.*

Possible names: *Sweaty eggs/Sweggs, Grambules, Kitchen Bastards, Birch's Egg.*

by Amy Oliver

Roanoke—Riyadh Anti-Update #1

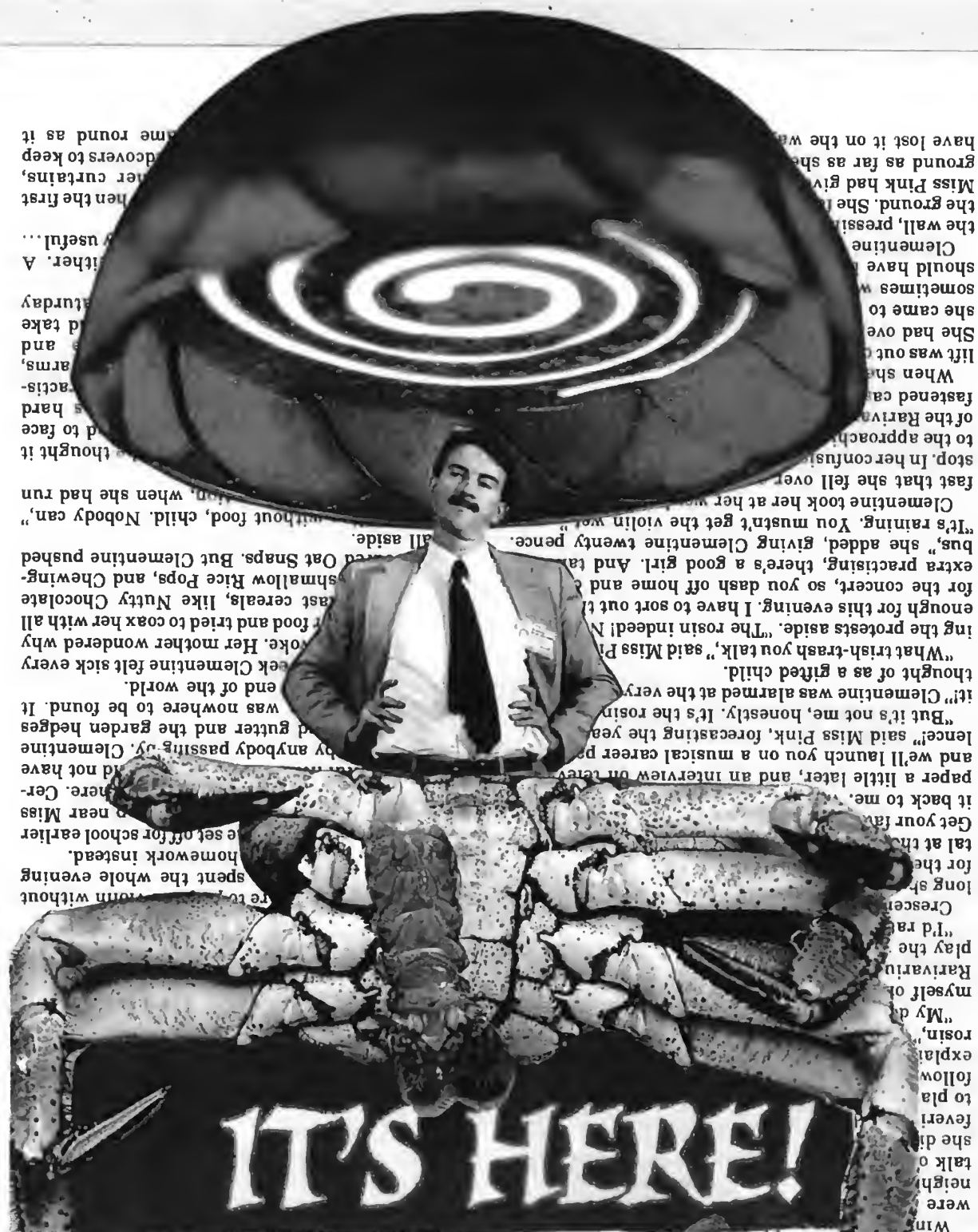
from: Roanoke PNA, Art Rat, & Anti-Business Lounge

to: Dr. Matt Ames, CEO / CIO of Philosophy Inc.

The following communique has been submitted by a committee of representatives of Roanoke's seamier side, in order that the Management of Philosophy Inc. shall not suffer a dearth of the most up-to-date information relevant to its operations, even in view of the temporary relocation of headquarters to the Saudi of Arabia:

- Dear Matt, There's a quiet revolution underway in theoretical physics. For as long as the discipline has existed, physicists have been reluctant to discuss consciousness, considering it a topic for quacks and charlatans. Indeed, the mere mention of the 'c' word could ruin careers. de Grass Tyson had to apologize to an entire Ted talks crowd in Roanoke last Friday for accidentally uttering the word consciousness. He quickly covered his tracks by saying "What I meant to say was we physicists have yet to figure out what CONSCIENTIOUSNESS is... conscientiousness, that's it."
- RIJEKA, HR - ROANOKE, VA - Vojko Obersnel, Mayor of the City of Rijeka held a video conference with David Bowers, Mayor of the City of Roanoke, on Tuesday to suggest more lenient laws in regard to public graffiti in order to stimulate artistic and social dialogue through street art among residents stating, "It is only through a lenient policy toward artistic expression and greater government subsidy of social projects that we can encourage a flourishing of our residents creative potential." The two have appealed to autonomous cultural organizations around the world to encourage discussions and actions as a way to strengthen social bonds between international communities in a post-industrial world
- An area man read science fiction for eight hours and ended up unwittingly transported to 2016.
- The Art Rat keeps going. If it become too much larger, it will be forced to move to New York City, or NIHM. Meanwhile, diplomatic relations between the Texas Tavern and Breadcraft are deteriorating, making bored observers fear an impending border-dispute in the 3rd Street—Kirk Ave.—Church Ave. corridor.
- The city was visited by Donald Trump and Ted Cruz. They put up together at a sleazy motel on Orange Avenue, and engaged for several hours in-between their two rallies attempting to convince a one-eyed man named "Pokey Joe" to sell them bath-salts. Mr. Trump was successful, and went on a destructive rampage, injuring one photographer for *Time* magazine and three pedestrians attempting to cross Williamson Road at Campbell. He reportedly left a huge hairball in the drain.
- Roanoke Punk has been reported as missing from its grave, and was last seen shambling up and down Salem Ave., searching for the Iroquois. The infrastructure of Philosophy Inc is sorely missed.
- Members Only jackets r on sale at Sam's downtown. Joe Hicks wants to try out for HEEVÀHAVA. All the poetry harnessed from existence is food in the hunting grounds of the psyche.

Transmission Ended.



IT'S HERE!

"I've got to find it. I've got to!" she thought in horror. "There'll be an awful row if I don't." She clattered back down the stairs, looking on every step. There was the usual litter, sweet papers and crisp packets, but no application form for the Gifted Children's Orchestra. She was about halfway down when she heard slow footsteps coming up and muttered words of annoyance. Clementine leaned over the railing. It was her mother, and in her hand she held a piece of paper. "Mum, you've found it!" Clementine hurried down, her voice echoing loudly on the bleak staircase. Her mother looked up surprised.

Clementine improved week by week in a most startling way, and by the end of October, just five months after she had first held a violin, she was playing Paganini's Violin Concerto No 1 in D, a very difficult piece of music.

monocle
press

Buy this sure-fire winner today!
March A.D. 1000, Anti-Press
A.D. 2016

by Amy Oliver, Edwin Birch, & Joe Abel